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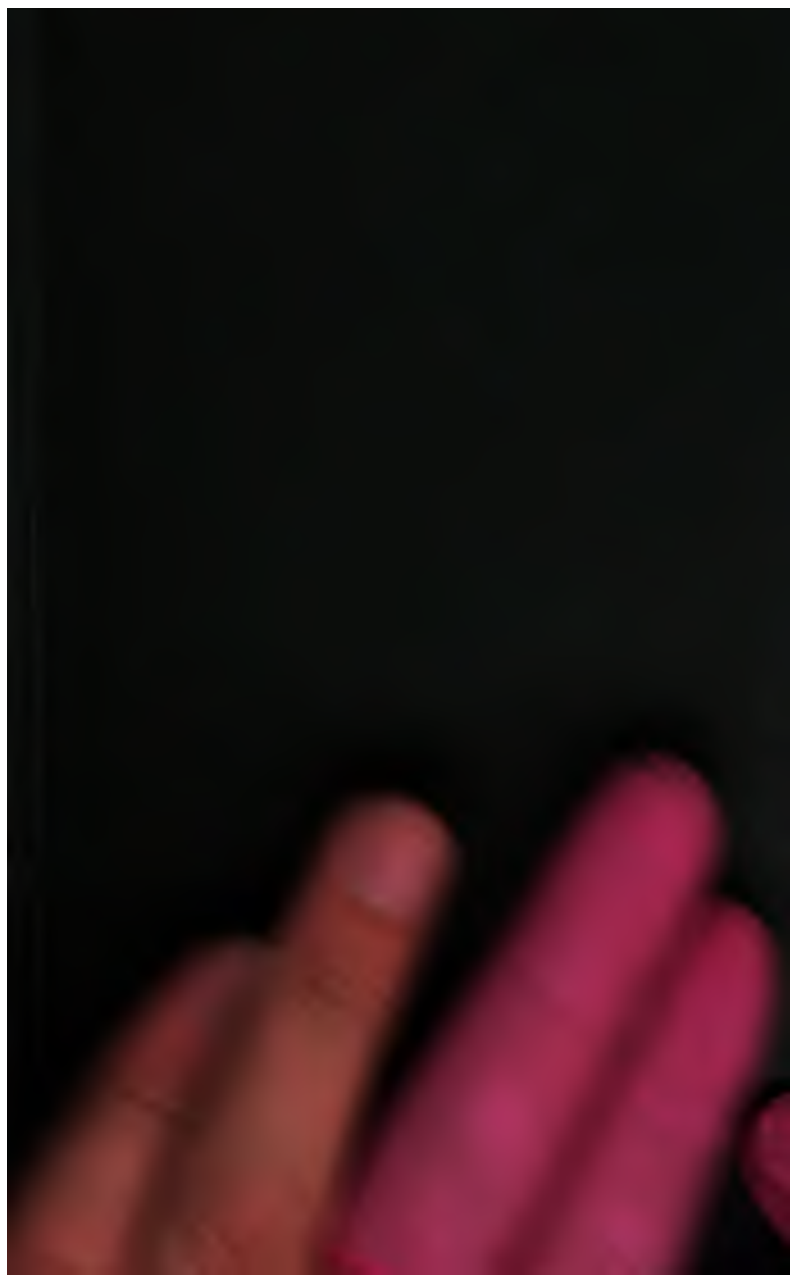
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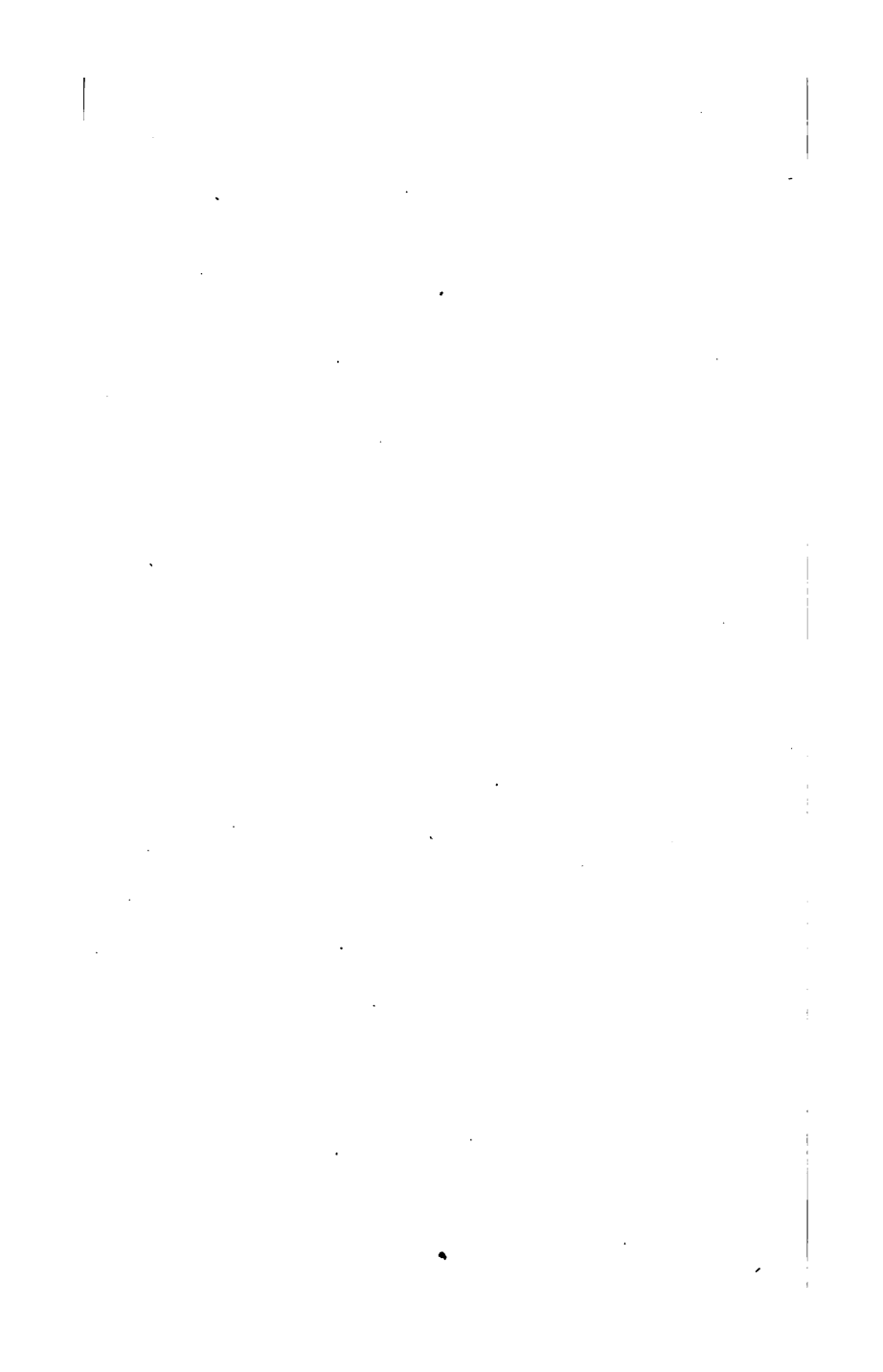




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AND OTHER POEMS.

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AUTHOR OF "PETRONILLA,"

"THE MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS,"

"POEMS," ETC.



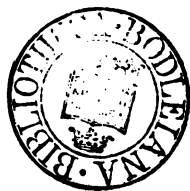
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1866.

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FREDERICK, EARL BEAUCHAMP,

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**This Book**

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THE AUTHOR.





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THE KING'S HIGHWAY.



" We will go by The King's Highway: we will not  
turn to the right hand nor to the left."

*Numbers xx. 17.*



## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

I.

I.



FISHING village by the northern  
sea.

Precipitous rocks rise ruggedly along  
Miles both to north and south, save where a  
stream,—

Sourced in the inland mountains, clothed in mist,  
Seeming so purple in the setting sun,—



*The King's Highway.*

Comes down from rock to rock, meandering on,  
Through heathered hills and mosses black, and  
flats,

To widen here and there into a pool,  
Feeding the silvery stream that flows or falls  
Beside the white homes of the fishermen,  
Between the rocks precipitous to the sea.

## 2.

Here lived within the wide walls of a tower,  
Unruined only where wide ruins lay,  
Last of his race, the Laird of many a mile  
Southward and northward by the moaning sea.  
They who had gone before, when turrets rose  
With frowning crests on massive boulder-stones,  
Known to the whole wide country north and  
south,

For truth and bravery and faith and love,  
From sire to son, from son to son again,  
Like genial sunshine on a barren soil,  
Blessed with their presence all that northern  
land.

True that the ages were unlike our own,—  
True that the days were “dark,” and folks were  
blind ;

Most true that faith grew with no stunted  
growth :

The guide and guided, and the laird and loon,  
Young, old and feeble, children, all were one,  
So blessed such chiefs the peoples round their  
homes,

And were loved back again in days of yore.

## 3.

But now the broad lands had been lost and lost,  
And little gained with the increasing years ;  
Here encroached one, with fancied rights and  
claims,

And there another for the wildered moss.

This passed by sale ; that burdened with a debt,  
The acres of the southern parks, that sloped  
In gentle undulations to the main :

Deep, watered valleys, where luxuriant ferns  
Spread regular leaves to shelter heath and flower,  
With barren tracts and distant rocks, which lay  
Around the bases of the western hills,  
Bargained away with warped and purposeless  
will.

So that the last Laird of the sea-girt tower,  
Blood-heir of nobles, son of knightly knights,

*The King's Highway.*

7

Was stripped of lands that bore his ancient  
name,

And now owned little save these castle walls,  
Which, broken, crested lichen-covered rocks,  
Belting the green waves of the mournful sea.

4.

For him himself saw in the sea-girt tower  
Full sixty golden summers passed away ;  
Fled all the joys of unforgotten years,  
The rosy dawn of youth, its May, its June,  
Like Eastern traveller's dream of palm-fringed  
well

In some sand-desert, where Death's work is  
done,

So bright and beautiful to dream-set eye ;  
The autumn of a careless, easy life,—

Ripe fruit that dropped into the seeded grass,—  
And now the bitter winds of winter blow.

## 5.

Seated within a lattice by the sea,  
Calm in the close of one more pointless day,  
He watched the tremulous waters as they came  
With curl and rise, break up against the rocks ;  
And, bearing sixty summers, thought of Time.  
He knew not why the curves of moving waves  
Painted by western sunbeams, as they curled,  
With changing motion unmonotonous,  
Forced thoughts of youth and age—past days  
and years,  
So that the heart's blood flowed anew apace ;  
Nor why a life, chequered with shade and sun,

Like other lives, as wave is like to wave,  
Should bring up aught of care or aught of woe.

6.

But the Past came in power, with light and  
shade

O'er shifting shadows, deepening into gloom,  
Or, where the silver lining of a cloud,  
Like shafts of sunshine, breaking through a  
storm,

Spread its white flood upon the way of old ;  
So came the alternations of a life,  
So varied hours, with small variety,  
So varied years, or summer-time or chill,—  
That life so aimless, barren, dead of love.

## 7.

When the peach ripened in the summer sun,  
'Twas said by seekers, on the northern hills,  
For grouse and red deer, custom-worshippers,  
Who guaged the boor with cockney measure-  
ment,  
And measured new sights with a town-made  
tape,  
How strange a character the Laird of Doon.  
Even those who knew his manner rough and  
rude,  
His absence, wildness, and rare cursing powers,  
Said merely—for the tale was no new tale,—  
“ Thus slowly die out truth, grace, virtue all,—  
“ As flowers die lacking sunshine, dew, and  
“ rain,—

*The King's Highway.* 11

“ In the last worn-out link that binds our  
“ thoughts

“ With other owners of the hills and braes,

“ With nobler men and braver times of old.”

8.

Nor did the Laird so fail to see himself  
As others saw him. Inward his eyes he turned,  
While ever in his mind the old verse ran  
Of mystic prophecy and looked-for woe,  
And read its message and accomplishment :—

When the last Laird only, feeble and lonely,  
Cannot him roam,  
Never a byelaw, only a Highway  
Takes him home.



## 9.

Last of a great and noble race, his mind  
Dwelt solely on material things of earth :  
Full forty summers he had lived for self,  
His youth was not for self ; may be a hand,  
A mother's voice, had pointed out the way,  
And told a tale, and taught a truth divine,  
Of other than of self. Yet when the teens  
Increased, new knowledge came, and self, sweet  
self

Became the subject of his aim and love :  
The voice now silent, cold for aye the hand.  
Early he rose for self, and late took rest,  
He pampered self, with great and pre-thought  
care ;

Alone he satisfied the wants of self,

Then blessed himself for having gained success,  
And, blessing, so began the work again ;  
Until the God Who made him, and the light  
Of heaven was blotted out from daily view ;  
So that he might—in common due and work,  
With deep devotion, and with hearty faith,  
No will to cross his own, no voice to warn,  
Sole object of his thought, his life, his love,—  
Worship himself with selfish orisons.  
But now the end came slowly drawing on,  
Time's shadows lengthened towards uncertain  
night ;

While, in that Future, no light ever gleamed  
On the still ocean of Eternity—  
Glimpsed in the restless vision of Life's eve,  
All dark, all black, all gloomiest gloom and woe.

## 10.

On little of the Past he dared to look,  
On less he dared to dwell. The path was broad,  
A way which thousands thronged with selfish  
    aims,  
Where the World ruled and no true peace was  
    known,  
Bright in the passing beauty of things here,  
Beautiful in the ruin of a race,  
Uncertain, pointless, potent, new, yet old,  
Strange in the strangeness of its altering shades,  
Golden or pale, with colours variable ;  
Yet little of the Past he knew or loved.



II.

I.



NE spake, who bore her mother's name  
and form,

That mother sleeping in the kirkyard  
by,

Where a low cross, amid the rankest weeds,  
Bright in the sun, shadowed the green and gold :  
Her sin out-blotted by the Precious Blood,  
And her soul clothed with graces, as shall she,  
Re-clothed anew in garments pure and white,  
Appear one day at the Lamb's marriage-feast,  
Meet for the Presence of the Son of God.

## 2.

Taking her father's large-veined hand in hers,  
Reading, she slowly spake, and these her words:—

“ O I have read a strange and singular tale  
“ Of a great orient King, whose wars and woes  
“ So cursed the nations over which he ruled,  
“ That, when the Sun, ashamed, went down  
    blood-red,  
“ Or when his shafts of silver first were shot  
“ From out Day's eastern gate, such curses rose  
“ Amid the stricken people's mumbled prayers,  
“ As might have blanched the cheek of any king.  
“ But yet, with iron hand and cruel rule,  
“ He wore his purple.

“ Deaf to curse and cry

“ The years passed on for woes to deepen yet :

“ Until a body-servant, one bright eve,  
“ When Autumn’s tints full bathed in noon-tide  
    “ gold,  
“ Had varied with the changing twilight hues,  
“ ‘ Master, the sun is setting,’ cried anon.  
“ The king out-looking on the changing scene—  
“ On purples purpling in the hollow vales,  
“ On gold and crimson round the setting sun,  
“ On streaks of black cloud o’er its burning disk,  
“ On fleecy rainbow-tinted up above,  
“ On mists of silver, deepening into grey,  
“ On grey tints darkening in the twilight gloom,  
“ On twilight gloom grown black in hollow  
    “ vales,—  
“ Saw Night, when no man worketh, creeping on,  
“ And heard unceasingly, the ceaseless cry,  
“ ‘ Master, the sun is setting !’

“ Slowly down

“ Amid the ever-changing tints and lights  
“ It sank. Clear and more clear the hills stood out  
“ Against the paling gold. Earth's vales and flats  
“ Grew murkier as the moments slipped away :  
“ Folded his wing, and hushed his song the bird ;  
“ The fiery floods of city lights shot up  
“ From the broad gloomy wilderness around ;  
“ So strangely paled, then died in darkness out.  
“ Others had passed the gate where none return,  
“ Others had left the sceptre and the crown,  
“ The woes and joys, the shade and sunshine too,  
“ For unknown wanderings in the shadow-land ;  
“ And now the setting sun had told its tale  
“ And wrought a work—a sacramental change.  
“ Now love for hate, freedom for tyranny,  
“ No crushing cruelties gave birth to woe,  
“ But joys for sorrows, and love grew apace.  
“ Blessings from hearts unnumbered for the king

“ Rose with the rising light, and like that light  
“ Grew towards the noon, but scarce died out  
“ towards eve.”

3.

So Change wrought here. He Whose great  
breath and power  
In ways of light and over hearts of truth  
Is ever felt, was working as of old.  
All holy thoughts and kind deeds were from Him,  
The sigh of sympathy, the smile of love,  
The tear of pity. All the light that fell  
On a dark world streamed from the Light of  
Light,  
And warned man of the darkness and the woe.  
He spake by signs and symbols—taught by scenes  
That lay around man in his desert-tramp :



*The King's Highway.*

The grey rocks rugged over sandy flats,  
Himself the Great Rock in a weary land,  
The darkening clouds that screened the red  
    moon's gleam,  
The broad palm's shadow, and the trembling  
    star,  
Lustrous in silver sunrise, or bright gold,  
To guard the crimson couch of dying Day,  
All told of shattered beauty—spake of love ;  
While man was messenger for outcast man.

## 4.

The answer stood in thought and not in word.  
From earliest dawn, the memories of years,  
Sharp in their outline from the buried Past,  
Long lost and long forgotten, rose to life :  
Motion and will, weak sides and acts of power ;

---

*The King's Highway.* 21

Cause and effect ; the ruling love of self ;  
So that—as when in dreams pale faces stare,  
Known but grotesque, from shape most strangely  
drawn,  
As the smooth bowl of a spoon distorts our look,  
And we in turn stare back in vacancy,  
With doubt of dream or fact—the thought  
Stood clearly out for a while, then passed away.

5.

Far from a home at first, and farther still  
With every dawning day. His face was turned  
Not eastward to the light. Wilful and proud  
Nought knowing, knowing much, his way had  
been  
By devious paths and tortuous desolate tracks,

Where this world's sunshine glowed, but where  
the light

That ever on the Great King's Highway fell  
Was shut out blankly.

There no light for him ;  
Another path, from early youth, was his.

## 6.

And was it for this world that he had lived ?  
This, which is changing ever, where the joys  
Are few and bitterly marred,—where cankered  
hearts

Are well new-cankered in life's toil and strife ;  
And woe-clothed Memory and feebled Hope  
Stand mocking in the Highway of the world :  
Where what is good and great too soon dies out,  
Where time is short for mighty works to grow,

*The King's Highway.* 23

Where schemes and schemers pass from sight  
and ken,

Poor ruined wanderers who have lost their  
way,—

And buildings, built for Time, are overwhelmed  
With the world's drifting sands, or river's  
depths,

And their old places know them never more ?

7.

For what are Fame and Name? What acres  
vast,

Power, wealth,—a thousand simpering followers,  
In sunshine jubilant, in shadow gone,  
With ready nod, and pleasant-jabbered word,  
When the deep path is taken, and the vale

Grows gloomier—when the cry for aid rings  
out,

And no voice answers,—when, from crag and  
rock,


Strange jibbering forms, in darkness indistinct,  
Mock failing weakness; and the damps grow  
chill

Under the starless night? Then who can help?



III.

I.

AR up a valley, where the hills at night  
Seem coronalled with stars, and deep  
blue skies

Are ever mirrored in a silvery lake,  
Calm sleeping in the green depths of the vale,  
Wild broad-cleft rocks, with winding paths  
along,

Out-jutting rudely, guide the stranger's way  
Up towards a shrine—Our Lady of the Snows.

There dimly-pictured forms set forth, in  
truth,

For a small remnaht living, loving still,  
With hymn and chant and prayer and thanks-  
giving,

The Light of Bethlehem, the Joys and Woes  
Of Him Who lived and died, and lives again,  
And never more shall die.

There, when Morning breaks  
In level lines of silver in the East,  
Beyond the ever-gathering saffron clouds,  
Clear o'er the lake, deep down the pearly vale,  
And up the steep sides of the lofty rocks,  
Rings out the Angelus, with tones of joy.  
There, when the sun dispels the drifting  
mists,

And the lark, quivering in the glare of noon,  
Sings sweetly songs monotonous ; or when  
The stars come out to watch the valley's calm,  
As angels watched around the crib of Christ,

Our Lady's bell again rings and again ;  
While, ever gleaming through an open door,  
In the sweet silence of that home of homes,  
To tell of Him Whose Word has never failed,  
" Lo ! I am with you all days to the end,"  
Still burns a lamp before the jewelled shrine.

2.

Winter and summer, seed-time, harvest, snows,  
The World's great lesson of new life restored,  
Springs, in their resurrection-beauty, came,  
Gave place to summer ; passed, and others rose  
To clothe anew the rocks and vales around,  
And tell of endless sunshine in the years.



## 3.

Changes, with passing tints, passed o'er the  
land,

The Ancient Faith—which saints had lived to  
teach,

And, teaching, lived to shew its power divine,—

Had been cast out. He willed, Who ruleth all,

Riches to give in untold fulness there ;

But when His Name and Love were both  
blasphemed,

He cursed man with a heavy, grievous curse,—

He left him to himself to stumble on,

Self-willed and obstinate, in darkest doubt,

Living for this world, and for this alone.

4.

In valleys erewhile green, the slender shaft,  
The stately arch, the resurrection-line  
Up-pointing, tell of Heaven and its King,  
Where lucid waters babble o'er the rocks,  
Broader where pools mirror the azure sky,  
Narrow and riotous in gorges deep,  
The same old tale is writ on carvèd stones :  
On God's part mercy, patience, through the  
    years,  
Great condescension and unceasing love :  
On man's, the pride of life, the power of will,  
Deliberate reprobation of the good.  
He would, but cannot, wipe the records out,  
For angels gather where no voice is heard,  
Glides the unseen, or glares a warning light,

Lifting a moment, for our gaze, the veil  
Which marks the boundary of the world we  
know.

That which is God's cannot be robbed from  
God,

That which is man's speaks ever of th' unseen;  
So angels worship where no footstep falls,  
While songs unearthly, only known to Faith,  
Float once again around the ruined choirs.

## 5.

"What here," the Laird of Doon, "but tokens  
"vile

"Of grovelling superstition, giving place

"To Commerce and to Progress, when the day

"Was breaking, ere, by force of will, man

"sought

"Light in the darkness? What but well-halved

"truths,

"Or blinding errors; fables, phantasies,

"The mumbled mouthings of a selfish caste,

"Meet only for the World's long infancy,

"Not for its prime? Nature is God, and God

"Is Nature."

This the form of unbelief

Sharply summed up with arithmetic power—

Too strong development for outcast man,

Accursed development in God's Own House—

Across the water-channel of the south,—

A harlot worshipped as its typical form.

6.

Thus reasoned one whose reason had been lost,

When rational reason would have been a gem,—


A pearl of price and value.

So the lamp,  
Flushing with red light all the marble floor,  
Burnt, in a voiceless chapel, lone and lorn.



IV.

I.

OUR white-washed walls, with plaster  
cornice round,  
Four lofty galleries and a preaching-  
box,

With narrow staircases and narrower paths,  
Where blessed sounds of Gospel utterances—  
Another gospel which is not another,—  
Boom out upon the first day of the week.  
The sheep, half-washed, in-straggle at the door  
Sharp-hinged and flapping, recognizing those  
With homely nod, or grin demure or broad,  
Whose backs are pushed against the upright  
pens,  
But faces doorwards ever when it swings.

## 2.

Then rise the nasal noises. Low, and loud  
In alternations, as the hireling's voice  
Pronounces parodies of David's muse,  
While the sheep bleat it out, in varying strains,  
With silver song or guttural harmonies.  
Then, with a system and self-confidence,  
Apocalyptic visions he unfolds ;  
Builds up, casts down, or well explains away ;  
Levels exalted truths for earth's low plains,  
Turns inside out deep mysteries of old,  
Making the rugged pathway clear and smooth :  
Or, mystifying messages of love,  
Curses good works, and rudely damns the Pope :  
Or, dipping deeper in sectarian lore,  
Draws up the blessed doctrines of free grace,  
A modern, feeble, legless phantasm,—

Man a machine, worked only by his God,  
A plough, a wheel ; owns vegetable life :  
Is not the potter potent with his clay ?  
Sure, he but does what wills he, with his own !

3.

“ O barren wilderness, O desert land,  
“ O noisome, noxious medicine—droning quack !  
“ With poisoned patients, death-dewed while in  
    “ life,  
“ What canst thou tell me of the Past so dark ?  
“ How canst thou lead the old Laird on his  
    “ tramp,  
“ Blind leading blind, dumb figuring to dumb ?  
“ Thou canst not guide a lost one on his way,  
“ Guideless—to end in darkness, doubt, despair :  
“ Thine but a miserable bye-way—thine !



- “ The mistiest, mustiest system, though so new :  
“ An empty form of loud-mouthed godliness,  
“ Worshipped one day, forgotten through the  
    “ six,  
“ Wisely forgotten for its worthlessness—  
“ Lord, great Creator, promised Leader, guide !

## 4.

- “ I see the sun sets, and that Night draws on.  
“ What Thy will is, Christ, let that my will be.  
“ I ask not but to hear and know Thy Voice :  
“ I follow where Thou ledest,—close mine eyes  
“ To scenes and signs around. But give com-  
    “ mand,  
“ And here I am to obey, in Thy great strength,  
“ For strength is weakness in me. Show the path  
“ Which I have never known, but which in  
    “ dreams

*The King's Highway.*

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“ I sometimes longed to tread—’tis ta’en at once,  
“ Not doubting. Restless, in the bygone years,  
“ A wanderer I, like lost ones o’er the sands,  
“ Heart black and selfish, conscience-seared full  
“ oft,  
“ I seek Thine aid—the Highway of the King,  
“ To toil and plod along that narrow way.  
“ For, Lord, the sun is setting, and the shades  
“ Darken that Highway now black Night comes  
“ on.”

5.

“ All that I was unmake me. Thine I am,  
“ Creation wrought the work. Darkness and  
“ Light  
“ Before me lay in gloom and beauty then,  
“ While I, confusing each, when wandering on,

“ Left far behind the Palace of the King,  
“ By self myself made centre of a life  
“ Brief here, but everlasting. He, forgotten,  
“ Ne'er lost a lost one ; but, by signs and scenes  
“ Of beauty,—yet not beauteous as before,  
“ When no curse rested on this earth once fair,—  
“ Spake when all other voices spake in vain :  
“ And thus, now life was short, and years were  
    “ gone,  
“ Moulded the crooked will and made it straight,  
“ Forgave the past, with pledge of present love,  
“ And led in mercy by the narrow path,  
“ Up to a City of Eternal Peace.”

## 6.

There had been mumblings sixty years ago,  
With talk of laving in the cleansing flood,

A pompous preachment was the only gain ;  
For forms and futile acts, even with good aim,  
Erased no birth-stain, for no washing was—  
The promise doubted and the grace ungained.

7.

Now, having sought, he found. He asked and  
had.

For a clear voice came clearly, as of old,  
To Naaman, the captain of the host  
Of Syria's lord : Here a path begins  
Leading to where no jarring voices rise :  
No vexing strifes can mar the rest complete,  
Earth's calmest peace unquietness to that  
Around the golden-girdled great High Priest.  
This the King's Highway, turn nor left nor  
right.

*The King's Highway.*

Veiled, but still present with the moving band,  
In famine feeds, in drought He strikes the rock;  
Strengthens the feeble, warms with fire the chill,  
Dews with high grace in passion's fever-heat,  
Scares off the tempter—scattereth the foe,  
And ever points to Heaven's holy mount.

Forget that Leader Who remembers thee,  
Stumble thou mayst, but thou canst rise in Him:  
Wander thou mayst, but He will call thee back,  
Close not thine ears, then, to that mournful  
Voice,

But mark, in faith, the thorn-crowned, robèd  
Form,

Our own true Joshua in the wilderness,  
Seeking the lost, amid deep-drifted sands.  
Others, long tried, are safe from fear of foe,  
Within a home eternal, and at rest.

He will not leave thee, and He ne'er forsakes :  
Forgetting self, with trust and faith in Him,  
So shalt thou gain the City of the King.

8.

Thus, within reach of God's extended hand,  
Thus, within sight of Christ's one onely Fold,  
And within sound of daily Angelus,  
Through all the selfish, lonely, buried years,  
No fold was entered and no hand was sought,  
For Him the Incarnate might have never come ;  
Yet now instinctively he sought and found,  
For Nature safely led to Nature's God.  
Even as a child, in sacramental steps,  
Along the Great King's Highway, well defined,  
First re-creation, strengthening, sustenance,  
He took his way, secure in trust and hope,

With love in germ, to where the rosy lamp  
Hung in the very Presence of his God.  
Giving himself, his will, his all, his time,  
In mercy left him for the desert-tramp,  
To make atonement for neglect of old ;  
In penance, winning conquests over self,  
By prayer to merit Corn and Wine and Oil,  
By faith to see the now-loved Canaan home,  
In love to live the few remaining years,—  
And so found foretaste of Eternal Peace.





OTHER POEMS.









## FLOWERS IN THE DESERT.

“ I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys.”



WILDERNESS of barren sand,  
With scorching sun-glare hot and  
red,

Where whitened bones of men long dead,—  
A level, broad, deserted land.

Storms swept across it, and the sky  
Deepened its red to blackest gloom ;

It seemed a buried nation's tomb,  
So desolate below, on high.

Years passed, years slowly passed again :  
A long pale line of eastern light  
Broke at the murkiest hour of night,  
To herald sounds of summer rain.

Then on that lone and sandy flat  
A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom,  
The wilderness no more a tomb,—  
The desert beautiful for that.

And soon another Flower expands,  
The Rose of Sharon, for the dew  
And silver morning light so new :  
Transplanted then to other lands.

But leaving many a blessing there,  
Odours of beauty and of grace,  
Leaves for the healing of a race,  
Rich gifts forgotten, new and rare.

A barren wilderness no more ;  
Athwart, a way to yonder Fold,  
Beyond those seas of green and gold,  
A peaceful, bright and sunny shore.



## OLD LETTERS.



BURN Old Letters of the Past,  
 Friends, hopes and fears forgotten  
 now,

Joys, like straws whirled upon the blast,  
 Hopes faded like the evening glow  
 Before a stormy night or fair.  
 Let places speak of voices mute,—  
 A churchyard sunned, an empty chair,  
 Sounds eloquent of days gone by,—  
 The seeds of love spring up amain,  
 Friends speak in tones of distant lute,  
 A rippling brook, flower-scented air,  
 The wail of woe, of joy the cry.


I burn with sighs, I burn with pain  
Old Letters writ in days gone by,  
Who wrote them come not back again,  
Save Fancy's whisper on the blast.  
Though heavy-hearted, well is it  
To burn them, joy or sorrow-writ,  
And mete the Present with the Past.



# WHEN THE DAYS DRAW IN AGAIN.

## SONG.

### I.


 WHEN the days draw in again,  
 And the trees are once more bare,  
 Who will watch the feathered pane?  
 Who will find a vacant chair?  
 Old hopes faded in their prime;  
 Fair flowers withered in their spring;  
 Heavy-hanging, wearying time  
 If no Summer songsters sing.

### II.

Lengthening days and Autumn fled,  
 Rosy eves and golden corn;

*When the days draw in again.* 51

Many numbered with the dead ;

Many poor and noble born.

Is the future dark or bright ?

Brings it fairer joy or pain ?

Will our evening-time be light

When the days draw in again ?





## IN MEMORIAM F. W. F.

## I.



XFORD, he loved thine ancient  
 spires and towers,  
 That heavenward rise beside the  
 Cherwell's streams ;  
 He marked the gloomy shades or golden gleams  
 That alternated o'er thy sacred bowers.  
 There it was his to trace, with master-hand,  
 The way of faith, and tell of deeds of yore,  
 Picturing, with poet's skill, the better land,  
 And pointing onward to the eternal shore.  
 O sweet and gentle voice ! O loving heart !

Forgive one, in the desert left behind,  
If, with a trembling hand, he bear some part  
In simple sorrow for a heart so kind :  
Forget the separation of these years,  
If broken links be linked when Christ appears.

## II.

He loved thee, Oxford, for thine ancient faith ;  
And deeper still the Church's central home—  
Mighty, mysterious, mystic, holy Rome,—  
Potent in life, and powerful still in death.  
Strange links together band all strangers here,  
Voices not human whisper to them each,—  
As sea-sounds moaning on some rocky beach,  
Or like earth cast upon a funeral bier,—  
Wailing a bitter wail that love is dead.  
But Faith can move the hills. Yet no true  
peace.

Labour in love then ;—it can never cease.


Peace comes like morning on the mountains  
spread :

Rest is of God, and of the Saints of Heaven :

In God's good time peace perfect shall be given.



## THE GRANGE.

 LEFT it on the road of old,  
And came, with recent days, to see  
If Spring's old tints of green and gold,  
And happy notes of minstrelsy,  
Were seen and heard still by the fold.

Old roads were turned, old lights were dark,  
The well-known way seemed new and strange,  
The shadows lengthened towards the park,  
And drifting mist-wreaths hid the Grange,  
While nought but changes could I mark.

I marked the willows in the mead  
Broad, by a narrowed stream and rank,  
How oft the weeds had shed their seed  
Upon the sloping churchyard bank,  
Where rose the graves in years, or sank !

I lived through sorrow once again,  
A lost spring-life of light anew ;  
'Twas but a day-dream, and the pain  
Of present loss was keen, and grew  
Apace, while came and went a Face.

The lichen'd church-tower changes not,  
The clock throbs in its ancient walls ;  
Shadows shade those whose altered lot  
Gives mother earth, where sunlight falls,  
Or damp dews rest upon their graves.

The bells have tolled, the bells have chimed,  
Old joys and griefs for ever fled,  
Whilst hated Memory oft has timed  
The lapse between me and the dead,  
Blanker the blank, and no light shed.


That home of yore made me rejoice,  
Joys early, late, were living there ;  
The Spring was dearer for the Voice  
That once spake from yon empty chair,—  
Loved, mourned ; so calm, so true and fair.

But soon Remembrance pines and dies,  
And gross Oblivion grows more dull,  
Old things to New give place ; and skies  
Are ever changing. Fall and rise  
The daily tides ; and Man aye lies.

I left it on the road of old,  
And came again to mark the change ;—  
The year was young, but sere the gold,—  
With altered loves and wider range ;  
Moist eye, heart heavy, new and strange  
My walk about the homeless Grange.



## SOLITUDE.


 OT where the seeding grass is tinged  
 with gold,  
 By sleeping waters, and the warm  
 air still,—

Not where I lie upon the sward at will,  
 To scan the blue hills or the browning fold ;  
 Or weary of the Old Grange library,  
 And silent close-clipped lawn, from which  
 I mark

The ever-shifting shadows of the park,  
 Does Solitude reign round about, on high,  
 But in the City's busy, well-thronged street,  
 Strange faces ever hurrying to and fro,



Where none can mete with truth their weal  
or woe,  
When more than four conflicting currents meet:  
Where I read nought of what is passing round,  
And none can gauge my thoughts, nor tread my  
ground.



## THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

"Ave Maria! Thou whose Name  
 All but adoring love may claim,  
 Yet may we reach Thy shrine:  
 For He Thy Son and Saviour, vows  
 To crown all lowly lofty brows  
 With love and joy like Thine."

KEBLE.



VER the crested waves,  
 Sun sinking low,  
 Gliding by Ocean's caves,  
 Rapid our prow;  
 Grey grow the deepening skies,  
 Purpling the sea,  
 Softly our songs arise,  
 Mother, to Thee.

*The Fisherman's Song.*

Advocate Thou art sure,  
    Undefiled Dove,  
Mother of God, all pure,  
    Thee let us love :  
Plead for us, pray for us,  
    Trackless the way,  
Kindly words say for us  
    Day after day.

Darker the looming sky,  
    Stormy the sea,  
Pilgrims, we look on high,  
    Mother, to Thee :  
Waiting, in faith and love,  
    Pure hearts to bring,  
Long we to greet above  
    Jesus, our King.

*The Fisherman's Song.*

63

He is thy Son, and thou  
Gavest Him birth,  
He is thy God, and now  
Rules o'er the earth ;  
He, as the Son of Man,  
Needed thy care ;  
Yet as thy God He can  
Answer thy prayer.

O'er the wild waters now,  
Darkening and dun,  
Swift glides our vessel's prow,  
Long sunk the sun ;  
Night is around us black,  
Dangers increase,  
One star points out our track  
Homeward to peace.

*The Fisherman's Song.*

Lead us then, guard us aye  
Over life's sea,  
Unto the perfect day  
Where Thou wilt be :  
Songs here are poor and short,  
Comfort nor balm,  
Guide us safe into port—  
Heavenly calm.

Lily of Eden, hail !  
Black grows the night,  
Faith, hope, nor patience fail  
Waiting the light :  
Plead for us, pray for us,  
Mother Divine,  
Kindly words say for us,—  
Jesus is Thine.


*The Fisherman's Song.* 65

Lights flash around His throne,  
Chants ever ring ;  
Praising our God alone,  
Saviour and King,  
Saints and the ransomed stand,  
Mother, near thee,  
Angels in mystic band—  
Nevermore sea.

Gleam the strange lamps of fire,  
Angelic throngs  
Make up the heavenly choir,  
Chanting their songs ;  
Perfect the peace, and joy  
Never can pall,  
Pleasures without alloy—  
God all in all !


## AMONGST THE ROOKS.

### I. BOANERGES.

E speaks of thunder and a curse—  
Of sins and darkness, woes and  
wrongs ;

An attitude like wind-mill sails,  
A noise of hammer and of tongs :  
He blackens those who speak of love,  
And joys of endless woe to tell,  
Heaven for himself, and his “ elect,”  
And all the rest consigned to hell.


II. WORLDLY-WISE.

AYWARD, uncertain, blown about  
With every whiff and every wind;  
Three ways before him, yet a path  
He would but choose, yet will not find:  
High, Low or Broad; Broad, Low or High,  
Which way the wind blows waits to see;  
Complains of each, agrees with all,  
But oscillates between the three.





## III. ALOYSIUS.

E drones by rule, he prays by rote,  
Be joined with care his fingers  
must,

A proper angle for his nose,

His knees well rubbed against the dust :

The common crowd go passing by—


“ Mark yon pale pious devotee,”

He, “ God, I am unlike this crowd,”—

A modern formal Pharisee.



IV. MUSCULAR.\*

“BSTRACT” and “Concrete”  
spluttered forth,  
When dull and wordy reason-  
ings pall,  
Negations will not damn the world,  
And “Social Science” cureth all.  
Preach prowess up, write dogma down,  
No priestly caste, nor claims, for me ;  
Clean out your drains ; leap, boat and shoot,  
So preach “the Christ that is to be.”



## V. HONEYBUN.



HE womanliest voice, the softest  
words,  
Hopes pleasant, rosy; white-tie  
fair ;

Two puffs of rich and thick-ribbed silk,

A doll's face with a fringe of hair :

Five rings upon two slender hands,


Odours unique, excelled by none ;

Politest references to sin,—

The Reverend Julius Honeybun.



VI. AMANTIUS.

 WITH silent step and kindly voice,  
His left hand stranger to his right ;  
Living a life of peace in work,  
He bears a lamp throughout our night :  
At early morn the chalice lifts,  
Through day-hours binds the broken heart,  
Not deeds mechanical nor words,  
And choses thus the better part.



## A SKETCH.

**H**E lives to mark the varying aspects  
 near,  
 To grasp the chance, once offered,  
 sliding by ;—


To read his neighbours, as the silent sky  
 Is watched by gazers ; then, with purpose clear,  
 To laud and glorify the high and great,  
 With smirk and smile and simper ; while his hope  
 Is duly fed ;—to wash large hands with soap  
 Invisible ; back bowing in great state,  
 Aye changing with the changes popular :  
 “ ’Tis black : ” “ Yea, black ! ” “ ’Tis  
 white : ” “ Yea, white or grey,”  
 Saying in echo just what others say,

With smile or frown, and notions fetched from  
far,  
Solely that he in sunshine may be found,  
Eating well-buttered bread on fruitful ground.



## THE WANDERER.

## I.

 AM a wanderer, wandering,  
Winter and summer, here,  
Over wold and desert and mountain,  
When the leaves are green or sere :  
Whether I hasten or linger  
At the base of some craggy hill,  
My home seems as distant ever,  
And I am a wanderer still.

## II.

The morning light grows lustrous  
Over the eastern bar ;

The noontide glory fadeth ;  
    When burns the evening-star :  
But ever, with staff and wallet,  
    And with pilgrim's sandall'd shoon,  
I tramp in the snows of winter,  
    And walk in the heat of June.

III.

Others have tramped, poor pilgrims !  
    Others have missed their way,  
Lost in the murky nightfall,  
    But found at the break of day :  
Though they closed their eyes in sorrow,  
    In faith look'd beyond the veil,  
Worn and weary and waiting  
    For the peace that never can fail.



## IV.

Such, gone before me, know it,—  
Our beautiful land and home,  
Far over the purple levels,  
Where pain and loss cannot come :  
Here marked their decreasing circles,  
With the deepening years, grow small,  
But recovered the links that were wanting  
When God became all in all !



## OUR LADY OF THE STORM.

At Cowie, Kincardineshire, high on a rock, close to the sea margin, stand the ruins of an ancient church, under the dedication of "Our Lady of the Storm," the church-yard around being still used as a burying-place.

### I.



HERE the waves wildly fret and surge  
for aye,  
Old Scotland's children did their  
Master's will ;

They reared a kirk upon a craggy hill,  
That highest worship might ascend each day.  
The waves are chanting their eternal song,  
The sunshine sleeps upon that lonely hill,  
To that bare shrine no crowds of suplicants throng ;  
The lights are out—the voices all are still.

Wild storms have been ; but yet the Evening  
Star

Hangs lustrous o'er the strange fantastic foam ;  
Pledges in gold and crimson come from far  
Of brighter weather for a voyage home.  
That cross, those lonely graves were once for  
thee,  
Mother of God and Maid, Star of the Sea !

## II.

A lingering remnant garners faithful yet  
The morning splendour of that cross-crown'd  
spire ;  
Toiling, they know the paths, high still, and  
higher,  
Where Peace and Righteousness each other  
met ;—  
Forthere God's children sleep round ruined walls,

Where chant the winds a solemn requiem song,  
Where the clouds gather, or the sunshine falls,  
Or star-crowns glimmer when the nights are  
long.

Lord, though the faithless weary grew of Thee,  
Thy law discarding, yet these walls are Thine,  
And this the passing thousands now may see,  
For there once more is reared Thy sacred sign.  
Storms came, yet floats the Ark's majestic form,  
Ave Maria! Lady of the Storm!



## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



O day so dark, but that some glimmer  
streams

Across our path of weariness and  
woe ;

Either the morning streak or evening glow,  
Or the full noontide's cheering golden beams.  
The change is slow but sure, let not the mark  
Be missed for lack of patience and of love ;  
Reach out the outstretched palms to God  
above,  
And walk in faith, though all around be dark.  
Here is no home : imperfect, at the best,  
Are all things on the level flat of earth,

*Light in Darkness.*

81

And marred and ruined from their primal birth,  
Rife with unquiet. Only dreams of rest.  
Yet are caught glimpses, where the sunlight  
glows,  
Amid the dark of beauty and repose.



## SEPARATION.



YOU leave us when the token of His  
 Light  
 Burns bright and brighter as the  
 earth grows old.

You leave us. Go in peace. The ancient  
 Fold  
 Needs those who work, not dream : for darkest  
 night

Has been upon us,—slumbers deep and numb ;  
 Yet now new life. 'Twas not the chill of death,  
 For limbs are lithe and supple, speaks the dumb,  
 And the blind see ; while once again the Breath  
 Of Him Whose fire divine first fell of old  
 Upon the eleven, kindles light and love.

The morning breaks in streaks of grey and gold,  
And hearts are turning towards their Lord  
above.

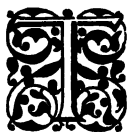
Go if thou wilt. Before the setting sun  
Faith, prayer, and grace will make the churches  
One.





## MIST AND STORM.

" I am the Bright and Morning Star."



HICK lies the dew, the mists are grey,  
 Wearier the weight upon my soul;  
 There are no lights from yonder  
 coasts,—

Flaps the old flag against its pole.  
 I cannot trace the sea-marge now,  
 I do not hear the curlew's cry,  
 The clouds are low about, around,  
 No single star is out on high.  
 The waves, with deep and awful voice,  
 Break rudely on the rocky shore,

*Mist and Storm.*


85

So comes a storm from out the west,  
    Sounds hollow grow to deepening roar.  
Winds ! scatter mists to north and south,  
    Flag ! toy with breezes as they play,  
Gleams o'er the golden eastern bar,  
    The Morning Star at break of day.



## SONG.

## I.

 ED leaves are falling on the ground,  
 The wind no more is still ;  
 The wheat is gathered to the store,  
 That waved on yonder hill :  
 The summer birds have flown away—  
 The sky is grey and pale ;  
 Thick mists are hanging round the moon,  
 And chilly is the vale.

## II.

The fall of leaves a sadness flings  
 O'er hearts, however gay,  
 For they, like Friendships nursed on earth,  
 Are lost or fade away.

But Love shall live through change and chill,

Love, deep abiding, strange,

Where flowers of summer never fade—

A change that cannot change.



## SONG.

## I.

**L**ONG shadows lengthen o'er the hill,  
 Grey grows the vale and dim,  
 A golden-broidered saffron sky,

And now the Vesper-hymn :

“ Peace for the souls departed, peace

“ For all who work and wait ;

“ Their path a way of sorrows here—

“ Their home the Palace-gate.”

## II.

Yea more. Dark days shall come and go,

No crowd shall throng the way,

Yet, when the bridegroom-cry is heard,


Not night, but perfect day :

Not night, for those with starry lamps,  
Earth's tortuous ways who plod ;  
But love and peace, when shadows flee,  
Before the Throne of God.



## GRACES.

## I.

ATHER them while it is day,  
 Gather them while you may,  
 For, hour by hour, they pass away :  
 And changing changes ever change ;  
     While passing strange  
 It seems to miss so many on the beaten way :  
     Familiar voices mute,  
     Familiar faces fled ;  
 Ungathered graces, many fair and rich,  
     Neglected, past and dead.

II.

So changed the way, the crowd,  
The beardless youth grown old, the old at rest,  
The way more craggy, heavier the breast,  
How altered hope and will !  
Strength become weakness, weakness made so  
strong,  
Yet still much to fulfil,  
Much to be met and done :  
Stern labour, losses, sorrow in the vale,—  
High winds yon track, unsheltered from the gale,  
In sight of the scorching sun.  
Much work before the journey is complete,  
Much to renew and mend,  
Patient obedience, while the changes change,  
Then comes the end.



## III.

Pass them not by, then ; lose no grace ungained,  
Now the weeks shorten rapidly and die ;  
Now the years seem but half their length of  
old,—

(What means that sigh ?)

Much that was sought in sunnier days gone by  
Is sought no more,  
It seemed at once so beautiful and nigh—  
A shadowy dream of yore.

Now, therefore, when the lengthening shadows  
lie,

And the old seasons never can return ;  
When Evening stays the hand, and stars begin  
to burn

And spangle Heaven's dome,

Work ye, that treasures gathered may be safe,  
the store be great,  
The rest secure within the golden gate  
Of an Eternal Home.



## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

## I.



ROSY upon the castle walls,  
Purpling the eastern hills,  
The mellow golden sunset falls,  
As the sun goes down over the sea ;  
Ere twilight darkens the castle halls  
Of the Castle by the Sea.

## II.

The black clouds drift across the moon,  
And deeper shadows lie,

Where rounding turrets rear their heads  
    Against a darkening sky :  
While one bright lamp, from hour to hour,  
Burns faintly in that frowning tower  
    Of the Castle by the Sea.

III.

Pleasant music from the ocean,  
    Pleasant words framed on the beach ;  
Strange and wild the heart's commotion—  
    Strange the heart's unuttered speech.  
Move—a creaking of the floor,  
    Watch—a cloud goes o'er yon star,  
List—the voices of the shore,—  
Never, never, never more,—  
    Clear but mournful; near and far.  
This is what I hear and see  
In our Castle by the Sea.

## IV.

Morn and noon my heart hath waited,  
I have watched the waves come up ;  
Autumns seven, with golden sunsets,—  
Each year bittering my cup.  
Hope lived on, my lamp was burning,  
Hope lived on, the stars were bright,  
Now mine eyes are inward turning,  
For at last draws on the night.  
Clear those voices of the ocean,  
Though by brave Saint George he swore—  
Mary help, both Maid and Mother,—  
He returneth nevermore.

## V.

Just,—High God, Thou wert forgotten ;—  
Just, most just—in early spring ;

*The Castle by the Sea.*

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Canst Thou own my heart, and pardon  
Such a poor and withered thing?  
Still the crispy waves are curling  
Round the Castle by the Sea,  
Yet at last the lamp-light flickers,  
Nought but darkness now for me.  
And, though dark, the white foam glistens,—  
Clear those voices of the main—  
One star yet is still unclouded—  
Will he never come again?  
Never come while earth is glorious—  
Still the waves sing “Nevermore!”  
But Thy perfect rest may find us  
Standing on a stormless shore.

VI.

If black clouds drift across the moon  
And darker shadows lie,

No weary watcher waits for long  
To greet a saffron sky :  
The watches pass, and hope grows deep,  
Though waves have risen and rolled,  
For clouds break up, and hearts grow light  
When gleam the lines of gold.

## VII.

Mary help, both Maid and Mother,  
Christ is Thine, and He is God,  
Plead the Mysteries of His childhood,  
Plead the path He willing trod.  
I have wandered far from home,  
What I gained I count for loss,  
Ask that I may once more come ;  
Lead me to the Holy Cross.  
All alone I seem to be  
In this Castle by the Sea.

VIII.

I would ask for strength in weakness,  
With Thy Love my heart transfix,  
Offering will and soul and body,  
Kneel I at Thy crucifix.  
Take my heart, Good Christ, and change it,  
Here I give myself to Thee ;  
Of the barren past repenting,  
In this Castle by the Sea.

IX.

More rosy are the castle walls  
From yonder eastern sky,  
More glorious is the western main  
When jewelled lights flash on the pane,  
Ere stars come out on high.  
Sad sea-voices rise no more



*The Castle by the Sea.*

From that misty purple shore,  
Sorrows never, never more.  
Watched by travellers o'er the plain,  
Seen from mountain moor and lea,  
Marked by fishers on the main,  
A brighter glimmer through the pane  
Of the Castle by the Sea.



## CHRISTMAS.



WHEN the World slept and Night  
wore on,  
Of old was heard a Hymn divine ;  
First broke a gleam, then splendour shone,  
And deepened crimson, line on line.  
Take we the tablets of the Past,  
To wipe recorded woes away ;  
Now merry bells ring out at last,  
For us, another Christmas Day.  
He came Heaven's glories to unfold,  
To bring the captive a release,  
For age of iron an age of gold,—  
Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace.

So chime the bells for weald and wold,  
    Hang the bright holly up on high,  
Aye fresh and green His Love untold,  
    Who died, but ne'er again shall die.

Then bear a joy where joys are not,  
    Go, speak a kindly word of love,  
Less bitter make some loveless lot,  
    Now earth is linked to Heaven above.  
And, day by day, in common round,  
    Or dark or light, in joy or ill,  
Let faith and love and peace be found,  
    So ever work a Father's will.  
For links in many a circle here,  
    That seemed to be so strong and sure,  
Grow less, increasing year by year,  
    Where only peace and love endure.

We pass the graves, with snowy pall,  
So pure and calm is Christmas morn ;  
Or, like God's grace, the snow-flakes fall  
On this glad feast when Christ was born.


The Past brings back or deeds or dreams,  
Voices and faces known no more,  
Hopes to be crowned when evening's gleams  
Flood with their light the eternal shore.  
The Future, when Time's stream is dry,  
And Christmas feasts are gone for aye,  
Shall to the King bring each one nigh,—  
When dawns the bright and perfect day.  
Take up once more the angels' song—  
The angels' joy let each one share ;  
Our life at longest is not long,  
The carol must be ended there.

Though here the City of the Saints,  
Beryl and pearl are up above,  
One heaven-born thought that Future paints,  
A Son Divine, a Mother's Love.



## THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

## I.

HANT the carol and chime the bells,  
Quickly pass the passing years,  
Chairs are vacant and voices mute,

And joys are alternate with tears :  
Change may riot and Death may fell,  
Some may have gone, either many or few,  
Yet those broken circles speak of love,  
And the light of Christmas is ever new.

## II.

Green and bright where the snow-flakes fall,  
Hangs the holly upon the rood,  
Or the choir-lights on December nights  
Cheer the moonlight solitude.

Nothing of sadness, of sorrow nought,  
Though the way be steep and the night be long,  
There are voices heard to speak of love,—  
There is a joyous Christmas song.

## III.

The song is of Her Whom every clime  
Shall know as the Maiden-mother blest,  
And of Him, a Child, Who ever was,  
Though, in time, He hung on a Mother's  
breast,  
Of the shepherds adoring at the crib—  
Of the chant of the angels in the sky—  
Of the words of ancient seers fulfilled,  
Of the peace of heathen prophecy.

## IV.

Chant the carol and chime the bells,  
Kindle the tapers in the choir,

Send up a Eucharist, with praise,  
Incense prayers rise high and higher :  
The Woman's Seed hath wrought His work,—  
O wondrous miracle of grace !—  
A work that worketh to the end  
Until we see Him face to Face.

v.

That work is working, as the years  
Pass onward, like an oft-told tale ;  
Sin, sorrow, separations here,  
Far deeper, deeper down the vale.  
But, as we take our onward way  
With *Miserere*-plaint or song,  
They watch, who broke the world's long gloom,  
With light of Heaven, a heavenly throng.




## VI.

That song is of One Whom every clime  
And every age, the great, the least,  
Shall own as an Elder Brother true—  
Shall know in power as a great High Priest ;—  
Of the world-wide love of that Royal Christ—  
Of His dew's of grace, of His reign of peace,—  
Of hearts that are linked with a golden chain,  
And of joys divine that never cease.



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

## I.


 N the early morning, early,  
 Ere the dawn was even nigh—  
 “ *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*,—  
 “ Glory be to God on high !”  
 When the crown-like stars were lustrous ;  
 When the dew was on the sod,  
 Sang the angels to the shepherds,—  
 Sang the choristers of God.

## II.

To the humble Bethlehem shepherds  
 On the first glad Christmas morn,

Sang the choirs of God angelic,  
    “ Christ the Son of God is born : ”  
When the dew was white and pearly,  
    Flashed a light across the sky,  
In the early morning, early—  
    “ Glory be to God on high ! ”

## III.

“ Glory in the heavens eternal !  
    “ Upon earth be glory too,  
“ For the day of grace has broken,  
    “ And a King is born to you :  
“ The Mighty One, the Wonderful,  
    “ The Counsellor, the Guide,  
“ Is born for man’s salvation—  
    “ The Bridegroom for the Bride.

IV.

“ Lowly in the Bethlehem manger,  
“ With His Mother kneeling by,  
“ Ye shall find the Infant Jesus,  
“ And shall hear His feeble cry :  
“ Glory in the heavens eternal !  
“ Upon earth be glory too !  
“ For the Word of God Incarnate  
“ Is a Saviour now for you !”

V.

And His Light is still as rosy,  
And His Power is still as strong  
As when that first Christmas morning  
Heard the sweet angelic song :

And His Love is still undying,  
And His wonders never cease ;  
He is still the world's Redeemer ;—  
He is still the Prince of Peace.

## VI.

Then His Godhead was enshrouded,  
And His manhood only known,  
Now both from sight are hidden  
Here upon His Altar-throne :  
Still Faith remembers Christmas,  
And worships Him with awe,  
As did Joseph and His Mother  
When He lay upon the straw.

## VII.

For on every Christian altar  
When rings out the Angelic Hymn—

“Glory ever in the Highest,”—


We may laud and worship Him :  
Waiting faithfully, in patience,  
For the day when trials cease,  
Waiting, humble and expectant,  
For the Royal Prince of Peace.

VIII.

He will come no more an Infant,  
Nor as Man so poor no more ;  
But as Judge and Lord of all things,  
With the keys of Heaven's door :  
Then may we, who keep His Christmas,  
Know His greeting for the blest,—  
“Come, children of My Father,  
To your everlasting rest.”

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

## I.

OSEPH down a-kneeling,  
Mary in the shed,  
Jesus in the manger,  
Angels at His Head :  
These, in adoration ;  
Voices sweet and low,  
Strange, and yet melodious,  
Die across the snow.

## II.

Joseph lowly bending,  
Jesus at His rest,

Lying lily-cradled  
On His Mother's breast ;  
O'er Him wings unfolded,  
Guardians from afar,  
Two clear voices singing  
Underneath the star.

III.

Humble shepherds worship,  
Each king treasure brings,  
Gold and myrrh and incense  
To the King of kings :  
All adoring lowly,  
Ask His grace divine,  
Sun of Justice risen,  
Shine, for ever shine !



## ST. ALBAN.

## I.

**P**AUD the grace of God victorious,  
 Sing triumphant o'er the foe,  
 Tell of him, a martyr glorious,  
 For the changeless truth laid low ;  
 Faithful servant, valiant soldier,  
 Whom all lands and ages know.

## II.

Valiant soldier, proto-martyr,  
 First of Britain's sons to die,  
 Pagan ire and cries withstanding,  
 By the grace of God Most High—

By the strength of Him, Protector,  
Who, in strength and power, was nigh.

III.

Craggy way and steep and narrow,  
Dark and drear the path of blood,  
Cruel foes were pressing round him  
As he touched the Jordan's flood ;  
Yet he fought, a soldier valiant,  
And the enemy withstood.

IV.

Patient, humble, like his Master,  
He resigned a spirit calm,  
Crowned with coronal unfading,  
Now he bears a glistening palm ;  
Sheathing sword, no longer needed,  
He took up the endless psalm.

v.


Laud and honour to the Father,  
Equal honour to the Son,  
Adoration to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One,  
Consubstantial, coeternal,  
While unending ages run.



## EASTER.

“ The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth : the time of the singing of birds is come.”—*Canticles* ii. 2.

## I.

 HE world grows old, the dying years  
 Pass, changes new to bring ;  
 But still shoot up the crocus-spears,  
 With summer after spring :  
 And life's strange paths have many a turn,  
 Each season brings relief ;  
 We love cold winter's aspect stern,  
 Nor mourn the falling leaf !

## II.

Again are twined fresh Easter flowers,  
 From mead and hedge and damps,

Descends new grace, like April showers,  
Again are lit the lamps.  
As seasons change, in whole or part,  
New feelings spring to life,  
Fresh comfort for the breaking heart,  
Fresh courage for the strife.

## III.

O Risen Lord ! O Truth most true !  
No death-woe nor decay,  
Thou, powerful, makest all things new—  
Thine one unending day :  
One Easter morn, one spring eterne  
Where lilies never fall,  
Where mystic stars in order burn,  
Round Thee—the Lord of all !

## MAY.



ALL that before High God (rolled on  
dark Night,)

In golden beauties of Earth's prime  
out lay,

Bathed in rich silver dew, or purple spray,  
Or glowing green in Heaven's supernal light,—  
Was His, and He declared it "very good."

But, where a stream divided into four,  
A sword of flame, and cry of loss on the wind—  
Where darkness shut out sunshine,—there, full  
sore,

Sank two poor souls, with Paradise behind ;  
Yet with a pledge of grace and heavenly food,  
And of a Friend all potent, in the years

To come and go, for thorned and thistled Earth.  
One came in time, all pure, a Mother-maid,  
For all whose common instinct told of peace,  
Her Son, the Son of God, with grace and aid  
For all who dreamt of a joyous day, when tears  
Should be for aye and ever wiped away ;  
Yet passed from hence and never knew it break.  
When power of life for noxious weeds should  
cease,

And fresh life live in this bleared world,—new  
birth,

With lilies opened in the glare and shine  
Of diamond May or rosy June ; and Earth  
Own once again Creation's Lord, Who was,  
Is, evermore shall be. Star, flower, and grass,  
The beauty of the trickling silver rill,  
And the months passing, consecrate to Him ;  
The glory of the cloud-enveloped hill,


And strange Creation's strangely-blended hymn.  
This now around, about—not face to Face ;  
We see by faith in this short restless day,  
(God grant us near the Throne some lowly place!)  
His, hers ; hers, His—close knit to Him by grace  
And love divine : She claims the Month of May.





## THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

## I.

HEN day's shadows lengthen,  
Jesu, be Thou near ;  
Pardon, comfort, strengthen,  
Chase away my fear ;  
Love and Hope be deepened,  
Faith more strong and clear.

## II.

When the night grows darkest,  
And the stars are pale,

When the foemen gather  
In Death's misty vale,  
Be Thou Sword and Helmet—  
Be Thou Shield and Mail.

III.

He, who stands beside me,  
Comes but to proclaim  
Pardon for contrition,  
Wipes out stains of shame ;  
Saying, " I absolve thee  
" In Christ's Blessed Name."

IV.

If Thou willest, feed me,  
Strengthen ere I go ;

In that unknown pathway  
    Lighten every woe ;  
Jesu, as Thou knowest,  
    Grant me so to know.

## v.

That an hour of weakness,—  
    That a time of fear,  
Come, Thou Bread of Heaven,  
    Sacrament so dear !  
All I love may vanish  
    If but Thou be near.

## vi.

Come, Thou Food of Angels,  
    Source of every grace,

*The Last Sacraments.*

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In Thy Father's mansions,  
Give me, Lord, a place,  
That, unveiled in splendour,  
I may see Thy Face.

VII.

Fading this world, fading,  
Forms are growing dim,  
Other voices whisper  
Tones of some sweet hymn,  
Telling of His Mercy—  
Speaking but of Him.

VIII.

By the Jordan's ripples,  
Passing through the shade,

Let me hear that promise

Once for ever made—

“ It is I, thy Jesus,

“ Be not thou afraid ! ”

IX.

Cold the waters gliding,

Chill the mists around,

Black the night above me,

Strange th' untrodden ground ;

Oft lost in the desert,

Yet may I be found.

X.

Then, be near me, Jesus,

Enemies shall flee,

**Ave Sacramentum !**

Thou my comfort be,  
Food and Priest and Victim,  
Let me feed on Thee.

**XI.**

So shall no fears chill me  
On that unknown shore ;  
For in death He conquered,  
And can die no more ;  
His Hand guards and guides me  
To the City's door.

**XII.**

Blessed close of warfare,  
Endless rest alone,

Tears no more nor sorrow,  
Neither 'sigh nor moan ;  
But a Song of Triumph  
Round about the Throne !

THE



END.

